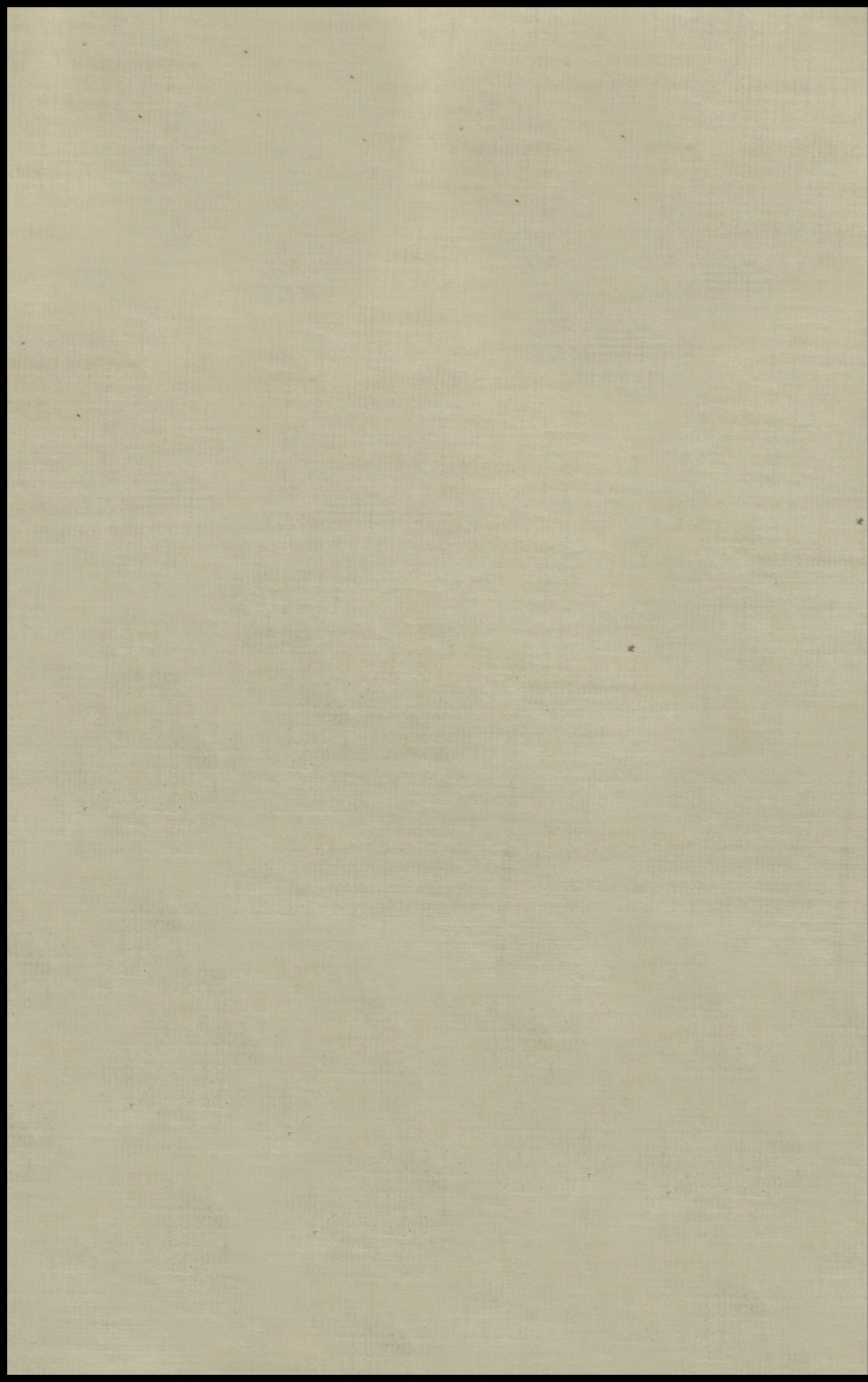


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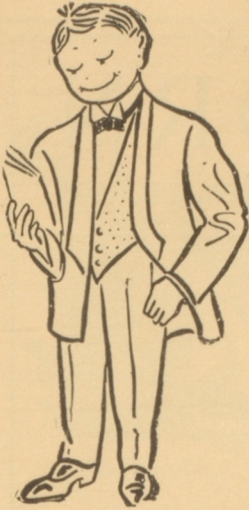
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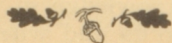
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THE ACORN

ALAMEDA HIGH

SEPTEMBER, 1908



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Vol. 15

ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL

No. 1

BARNACLE JAKE'S YARN

"About the most exciting time I ever had," said Barnacle Jake, as we sat fishing from the end of the old wharf, "was back in '96, when I shipped on a whaler for a voyage up Alaska way."

"Sailor?" I interrupted; "why, Jake, I didn't know you had ever been a salior."

"Yep," said Jake, "I've been most everything in my useful life, and a sailor was one of them."

I relapsed into silence, for I knew it was a bad plan to interrupt old "Barnacle" when he was about to spin a yarn, and waited patiently while he filled his old corn-cob, meanwhile rolling a cigarette for myself.

"'Twas back in '96, as I said," resumed Jake, settling back for a comfortable smoke, "and I was that tired doing nothing that I shipped along with a bunch of worn-out sailors and Barbary Coast bums, in an old worm-eaten tub of a whaler. The Cap'n, he was a big red-haired, two-fisted giant, and wasn't afeared of man or beast, or bum, which most of us were. Durin' the voyage up there the Cap'n and his mates whipped us into fair sailors, and when we reached whaling waters he had about as good a bunch of green-horns as you might expect for such a tub. He was careful about fire-water, was the Cap'n, and I got pretty thirsty for a drink of good old water front soda water."

Here Jake paused meaningly, and glanced toward the saloon across the street, but I pretended not to notice, and presently he resumed.

"One night, when it was dark as I ever hope to see, and foggy too, we ran slam-bang into something and smashed a hole in the bow of the "Mary Ann," and the old tub began to fill and sink mighty quick. When she went down we all had to swim for it, and I headed for what we'd struck, and finally pulled myself up on a

The Acorn

great big hunk of an iceberg. Pretty soon I heard a splashin' and puffin', and along comes the Cap'n, and I drags him up, more dead than alive.

"When morning came we were froze pretty near stiff, but the fog cleared off and the sun came down pretty hot. As soon as he thawed out enough, the Cap'n says he'll take a climb up to the top and see if he can find any of the rest of the bunch, and pretty soon comes hot-footing it back, his eyes nearly popping out of his head, his language comin' so fast I couldn't make head or tail of it. After a while he calms down enough to make me understand that he had nearly stepped on a polar bear the size of an elephant that had been stranded on the iceberg about the same as we.

"That calmed me down some, and we sat down on our side of the berg, which was the shady side, bein' afraid to go over on the other side, which belonged to Mr. Bear, him havin' been there first. All we did that day was to chew water-soaked tobacco and wonder how long it would be before the bear would get hungry enough to pay us a visit, or whether we would be hungry enough to eat him when he did.

"All of a sudden there was a crack like a young cannon, and a piece of the berg about the size of a two-story and basement cottage breaks off and floats away. That set us to thinking mighty fast. The old man knew enough about the currents to know that the berg didn't belong where it was, and it had drifted into a warm current, and it wouldn't be long before there wouldn't be enough to cool a bottle of beer."

Here Jake paused again, took a long look at the inviting saloon, then at me, but I busied myself with another cigarette until he was forced to resume."

"Well, naturally, that encouraged us about as much as the thought of the hungry bear did, but cheer up, the worst was yet to come. Next day, about noon time, the berg was about half its original size, when all of a sudden there was a rush and a roar, and that blamed island turned turtle on us, throwin' all three of the inhabitants out into the water again. You see, the warm water had melted off the under side until the berg was top-heavy, and she just tipped over. Well, there was nothin' for the Cap'n and the bear and me to do but streak it back to our happy home like three bull-pups after a cat. We didn't want any dispute with the bear about the possession of the island, so we let him get there first, then swam around to the other side and climbed aboard. The bear was used to cold water baths, but the Cap'n and me had to start a fight to keep from freezing.

The meals that day was the same as before, water-soaked tobacco and ice-water. I never tasted anything so cold, except maybe the drinks they give at the corner." This time I had a hard time avoiding Jake's pleading glance in my direction, but I fussed with the cigarette and relit it.

Jake's sigh came from the soles of his shoes, and he looked reproachfully at me, but resumed:

"Well, things kept getting worse and worse. Every hour and a half that berg would tip over, and every time, regular as a clock, we would splash into the Pacific ocean and paddle back to the old

homestead, always giving Mr. Bear first choice for his side. Then we would land on the other and start a boxing match to keep warm. It grew kind of monotonous.

"All the time the island kept getting smaller and smaller, and finally, when about the size of a load of hay, the bear decided Lent was over and he would quit his fasting. He must have been pretty hungry, too, not having had any tobacco. So next time the berg dumps us over, and he gets back first, he waits until we tries to land, then comes down to our side of the berg. The Cap'n thought this was mighty unreasonable of him, but there was nothing to do about it but back away, for the bear wouldn't follow us into the water. The Cap'n aims to please him, and offers his pouch of tobacco, and the bear takes it like it was a bag of peanuts. After a couple of chews he changed his mind, and starts after us madder than ever. It was ungrateful of him, but I don't blame him much, for I knew what that tobacco tasted like, having had experience. Every time I think of it I want something to take the taste away."

This time old Jake paused while he filled his pipe, and looked from me to the saloon and back again, but I wanted to see how the old rascal would finish his story, and innocently inquired how long that state of things lasted.

"The bear kept chasing us from one side of the berg to the other," answered old Jake, getting thirsty and impatient, "until after floating around for three weeks we sighted a South Sea Island lumber schooner loaded with hay, bound for Alaska, and we choked the bear with a coil of barbed wire and got aboard. Now come, buy that drink you promised me." And I thought he deserved it.

B. S., '09.

OVER THE FENCE IS IN

There was a notice on the front board in the freshman class room. It caught all eyes by its many marks of importance. Soon the freshmen were reading agreeably a football announcement in all its tone of fellowship. Perhaps they wondered who the privileged being might be that had descended on them unawares to give out such news. At any rate, one and all read with much respect and evident excitement the fact that two of Knox's most important arrivals were to meet in a well matched game that afternoon. "Turn out, all you fellows, and size up our opponents," so it read, and so Jack Barlowe, freshman, read it.

He was a staunch little fellow with an expressive face and bright brown eyes. He was fresh, not in his manner, but in his interest and wide-awakeness. The notice embodied some of his ideas of the geniality and good fellowship in High School life. He was a little apt to idealize, and greatly envied yet respected the importance of the upper class men. The notice had a decided effect on him. He would go to the game, it mattered not what happened. He argued it would be better sport to go with some fellows, but being a stranger in school he knew that he would have to go alone.

The Acorn

The electric car sped over the marsh. Standing on the lower step with his arm around the iron rod, his hat rammed down tightly on his head, was Jack Barlowe. With the other hand he was endeavoring to give the conductor his car fare through a tightly wedged crowd. Some "toughs" near him had laughed at his persistent efforts to help the Transit Company to his nickel, but he was staunch, even if he flushed at the mean, low uttered taunts, and he ridded himself of the now hot money.

There was a grand rush as the car stopped in front of the high fenced field. From the car steps could be seen the crowded grand stand and the rapidly filling bleachers. Outside the fence were many groups that moved and swarmed and scattered. Jack took his place in the file that was entering through the gate, each paying four bits admission fee to a collector who was having a busy time of it.

Jack thrust his hand down after the money. A sudden shock followed by mental blankness.—A great fear possessed his soul, but brought with it some reason. His hand mechanically searched every possible resting place of the four bit piece. Gone—it wasn't there. He stopped aghast and was consequently shoved out of line. A great chagrin filled his soul; he felt so hopelessly desperate. Unconsciously, or from lack of other purpose, he drifted around to the back of the enclosed field with a stream of boys. A great many he stigmatized as "toughs," but to his surprise he recognized numbers of Knoxites in the swim.

There was a motley group of wagons, butcher carts, wheels and several big automobiles scattered over the region without the fence.

"Come on, Bill, let's take a sneak over. We'll get a pull up," Jack overheard a burly butcher's boy urging his comrades. That, then, partly explained the presence of such a crowd and the use of hanging around near the fence.

A determination flaunting no scruples and arrived at by desperation settled on Jack's face. He wormed his way among the groups to where he saw some Knoxites. He judged them to be sophomores and juniors. He couldn't quite reconcile himself to seniors with any such intention as his own.

His conscience felt eased when he overheard bits of their conversation.

"Are you going to try to hike over, Red?"

"Sure. I could fork up, but I am too much Knox to put money into rival hands. What's the fun in walking in proper? I call this good sport. When it comes to our own game we can dig up a four bit piece, but not yet."

"What are you going to do with that board?"

Red, without answering, placed the board against the fence. With one foot on the top of it, grabbing the top of the fence with his hands, he pulled himself to the top. Once up, he gave help to his friend and some of the other fellows, all of whom disappeared on the inside.

Thus Jack got his idea. As luck would have it, he found another board of good size and found a convenient place to make the at-

tempt. At first he didn't succeed in clambering to the top. A big, unkempt looking fellow was watching Jack stolidly. It was rather inviting. Jack was on top preparing to jump down, but just at this moment an angry, loud voiced man with a stick ran up. This was a guard that paraded up and down inside to prevent just this sort of thing.

To Jack this was unlooked for. The fellow struck at him with the stick and Jack backed up just as a blow cut his legs. With a twist he threw his legs over the outside of the fence, letting his body hang by his hands ready to slip down the rough boards to the ground. A stinging blow fell on his hands. An involuntary cry slipped out as he fell to the ground.

There was the same unkempt fellow, who now took in the situation at a glance. He seemed to consider a moment; then began hoising himself over the fence.

"Get back there, you," came in rough tones.

Oh, cheese it, Ike," sneeringly from the fellow on the fence.

There was a sound as if some one jumped heavily to the ground. Sounds of a scuffle ensued. Curiosity was aroused on the outside. Another fellow made the top of the fence, helping others up in turn.

"Go it, Bill."

"Let's see you fight, Ike."

Taunts and oaths rose muffledly.

"Say, little fellow, come here and I'll give you a pull up," a fellow from the top of the fence called to Jack.

Without stopping to consider, Jack stepped on the board and was drawn to the top. Over on one side the "tough" was wrestling with Ike. Jack looked around. By an alley on one side of the grand stand he saw his friend in need disappear. Reasoning that there was no time to lose, he slipped to the ground and started for the alley. But he stopped and turned toward the place where the fight was still going on. The bully had the upper hand and was getting all the brutish enjoyment out of the situation possible.

"Beat it, kid," the latter yelled to Jack.

Jack turned down the alley mechanically and found a seat on one of the bleachers. Somehow he didn't care much about the game now. The remembrance of the brutal enjoyment on the "tough's" face, and the feeling he had a few minutes before of gratitude to that fellow, seemed now to bring a feeling of resentment and disgust. He thought of those Knoxites sneaking over the fence, and what he had done also in the moment of his desperation. Because Jack Barlowe was still upholding some of his old ideals he took little interest in the first event of his High School life.



A special session of the Student Body was called Tuesday afternoon, August 11th, for the purpose of endeavoring to enthuse the students to become members of the Student Body and to loyally support all student affairs and activities. Dr. Thompson in his remarks welcomed the freshman class and announced that according to a ruling of the Executive Committee only members of the Associated Students would be permitted to attend future meetings of that body.

Mr. Westergaard, the faculty treasurer of the Student Body, stated the financial condition of the school and urged support.

Cary Troy in his remarks dwelt upon the needs of the football team and the bright prospects which presented themselves in regard to athletics.

Manager Kassebaum of the benefit variety show and dance stated the program of the evening, which included not only local but also outside talent, which has been much appreciated in the past.

On Friday evening, August 21, 1908, one of the best variety shows and dances ever given in the High School was presented before a most enthusiastic and appreciative audience.

Program.

1. Duet, "Minuet"Paderewski
Miss Martha Vaughn, Mr. Spencer Brush.
2. Song "That Trio"
3. Song, "Sword of Farrar"Frederick Field Bullard
Mr. Fred T. Moore.
(Accompanist, Mrs. F. T. Moore.)
4. Cornet solo, Air from "Barber of Seville"Rossini
Mr. Edward Jordan.
5. Recitation, "Pyramus and Thisbe"Jo. G. Saxe
Mr. W. C. Westergaard.
6. Song, "Protestations"Homer Norris
Miss Alice Davis.
(Violin obligato, Miss Alice Davis; accompanist, Mrs.
F. T. Moore.)
7. Song, "Bugle Song"Metcalf-Agard
Mr. Arthur Agard.
(Cornet obligato, Mr. E. Jordan; accompanist, Mr.
Spencer Brush.)
8. Song "Miss Mary Wyddo"

"That Trio," composed of Mr. E. Anthony, Mr. Meredith Parker and Mr. Fred Greenwell, rendered as their encores a number of topical verses relating to the last freshman hazing episode, which were exceptionally well received.

Mr. Edward Jordan, who so kindly assisted us along musical lines during the production of the opera "Mikado," rendered selections which pleased the entire audience.

The recitation of Mr. Westergaard brought smiles and laughs from both young and old.

Miss Davis sang in her sweet, inimitable style.

It was with sincere regret that we learned that the "Newsboys' Trio" would be unable to be present with us on that evening. They have often been heard about the bay and are always appreciated.

Mr. Agard sang "The Bugle Song" in a manner which pleased the entire audience.

Miss Martha Vaughn and Mr. Spencer Brush presented very pleasingly the duet "Minuet."

Mr. Moore sang in his old time form and was greatly appreciated.

Miss "Mary Wyddo," impersonated by Mr. Harry Kassbaum, was one of the big hits of the evening. Garbed in the latest creation of fashion, the "Directoire," he sang a number of verses which hit both faculty and students. He was encored again and again and received thunderous applause.

THE FRESHMEN RECEPTION.

On the afternoon of August 12th the upper class girls gave a reception to the freshmen. Miss Teller was chairman and welcomed our guests in such a way that they felt at home immediately. Miss Ruddell, chairman of the Entertainment Committee, prepared the program, which was thoroughly enjoyed:

Piano solo.....	Miss Eugenia Vaughan
Recitation	Miss Valerie Ansel
Monologue	Miss Marjorie Emmons
Vocal solo	Miss Alice Davis
Recitation	Miss Ruth Huff

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in dancing. At 4 o'clock the freshmen girls bid the upper class girls farewell, with the assurance that they had spent a most delightful time.

The reception was a thorough success and should be carried on next term.

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ALPHA SIGMA.

Eta Chapter feels very much pleased with the prospects for the coming term. Constance Van Brunt, Beatrice Cummings, Helen Berger, Helen Sargent, Anna Dodge, Gisela Haslett and Dorothy Warren have been pledged, and with such a promising set of girls a most prosperous term is assured.

OMEGA NU.

On April 25th Omega Nu Sorority, under the auspices of Theta Xi Chapter, installed a chapter in Alameda High School. The charter members are Alice Davis, Margaret Kenny, Irene Taylor, Mae Benedict, Edna Fischer, Winifred O'Brien, Marjorie Taylor and Valerie Berlin. On August 8th an initiation was held, five girls being admitted to membership. The initiates are Lucy Standefer, Jean Benedict, Martha Vaughan, Rachel Ruddell and Ethel Olsen. The pledges are Florence Copeland, Frances Soule, Edna Eastman, Jean Vaughan, Margaret Dennison and Vinnie Robinson.

SIGMA PHI UPSILON.

Epsilon Chapter of Sigma Phi Upsilon has opened a very prosperous term. Toward the end of the term an initiation was held, at which Homer Spence was taken in. Brothers Landsburg and Guerin are still in Alaska, but are expected to return in a few weeks. Browning Dexter and George Browning are attending U. C., and Harry Sepulveda has entered Stanford. Harold Naylor is in Vacaville. Harold Jacobs has been pledged.

CANNIBAL CLUB.

A chapter of the Cannibal Club of Berkeley was installed in Alameda last term with the following charter members: Edwin R. Anthony Jr., Cary A. Troy, Robert D. Cortelyou, Henry Kassebaum, Fred J. Greenwell, John Coyle, Earle L. Scofield and Edward Seagrave. It is a social organization, and many jolly times are predicted this term for the members. At present the members, in connection with the charter members, are Rudolph Baum, Harold H. Keys, Lynde Berger. Will Gale is pledged.

"Mask and Book," the senior honor society, predict a most successful term, and the members are anticipating the future jollifications with pleasure.

SCROLL AND KEY HONOR SOCIETY.

A chapter of the Scroll and Key Honor Society has been installed in the Alameda High School. The charter members are Wynne Meredith, Alice Teller, Ione Connor, Alice Davis, Marjorie Emmons, Lura Ruddell, Dorothy Tisdale. An initiation was held at the residence of Alice Teller on Friday evening, September 11th. Lucy Standefer and Mildred Lansing were initiated. After the initiation an informal card party was held. Each member invited an escort, and all agreed that they had spent a most delightful evening.

"OUR PROSPECTS."

The term opened with an exceedingly gloomy financial outlook, but, being optimistic, the students began work with a will and at the end of the third week of school presented an entertainment for the benefit of athletics which has far surpassed any previously produced. The Student Body dues were paid at the beginning of the term, a rare occurrence, and in fact added interest and zeal seem to dominate the entire school.

The prospect in the athletic line is one of the best, with practically a veteran team, composed of men who have demonstrated time and again their proficiency, willingness and hardihood. It is with a team of this character that Alameda High goes into the fray, with the "backing" and support of the entire school. With such encouragement great achievements and glories should be accomplished.

SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS.

Associated Student Body.

President	Spencer Brush
Vice-President	Miss Teller
Secretary	Fred Greenwell
Treasurer.....	Mr. Westergaard

Senior B Class.

President	Cary Troy
Vice-President	Miss Meredith
Secretary	Miss Connor
Treasurer	Kenneth Rogers

The Acorn

Senior A Class.

President	Miss Troy
Vice-President	Kenneth Abbott
Secretary	Miss Murray
Treasurer	Miss Foveaux

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Jean Tyson, Dec. '06, is attending the University of California, and is a pledged member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority.

Mr. Edmund Brush, June '06, has returned to U. C. after an absence of a year and a half.

Mr. William Everts, Dec. '06, is again at "California" after a six months' absence.

Miss Irma Young, June '07, is residing in Berkeley and is attending the University.

Miss Marion Mitchell is attending the University and is living at the Kappa Kappa Gamma house.

Miss Emmy Lemcke, who was obliged to take out a leave of absence at the end of last semester because of illness, has fully recovered and is attending the University.

Miss Amy Swayne, who graduated from Miss Head's School in June '08, has entered "California" and is pledged to the Pi Delta Phi Sorority.

Miss Ruth Shreve, a graduate of Alameda High with the class of June '08, has registered at U. C.

Miss Manu Henkenius has announced her engagement to Mr. Fred Stewart, a former student in the University and a member of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity. Miss Henkenius graduated from the High School with the class of June '07.

Mr. Alfred Melcer, who was a member of the High School a short time ago, has entered U. C. and is pledged to Phi Kappa Psi.

Mr. Fred Johnson of the class of June '08 is at Stanford, living at the Beta Theta Pi house.

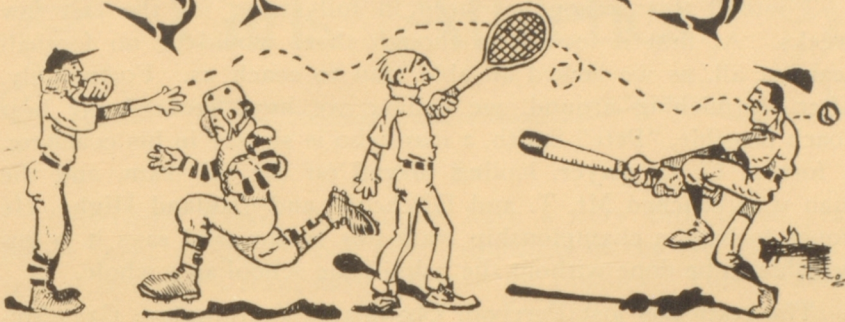
Mr. Clarence Sanborn, also of the class of June '08, has entered Stanford and is a Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Mr. Carl Shattuck, a former High School student, and who graduated from Belmont, is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity at Stanford.

Mr. Neill Wilson, who was prominent in High School activities, and who graduated in June '08, is at Stanford and a pledged Delta Tau Delta.

Mr. Harry Sepulveda, who after his graduation attended Culver Military Academy for a year, has entered Stanford and is residing at the Chi Psi house.

SPORTS



TENNIS

The outlook for tennis enthusiasts this year is exceedingly bright. The tournaments held last term served to re-awaken interest in the game, and now the courts are in constant use every afternoon.

The girls also have become enthusiastic and formed a Girls' Tennis Club, and it is likely that this term will see a girls' as well as a boys' tournament, and a mixed doubles contest also.

The school is supporting tennis well, keeping the courts in good condition, and during vacation new wire has been put on the back-stop fence, thus doing away with the tiresome hunting for lost balls, the chief drawback to playing last term.

The Tennis Committee, composed of Ernest Brown, Heath Angelo and Byard Sharp, is busy arranging a boys' singles tournament, the first event of the term, and from the showing that various players have made in practice matches, some high class play may be looked for.

B. S.

GIRLS' TENNIS CLUB

At last a Girls' Tennis Club has joined the lists of High School athletics, and a most enthusiastic club it is, too. About forty girls, representing all the classes, met in Miss Du Bois' room the afternoon of organization. They were very enthusiastic about it, and from now on the courts will be in demand.

The club has no officers and has a very loose organization, but it seems to satisfy the demands, and we wish it every success..

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Football this season has been in full swing for the last few weeks. At first it looked as though there would be no football team at all, as we lacked an able man to coach us. Fortunately, after skirmishing around, we believe we have secured the best coach possible, "Pete" Smith, a man who is sincere in his coaching, a former U. C. player, having played on the '93 team, and the man who coached Mt. T. and Hitchcock and Oakland High. He hopes to have a championship team this season, and says it is impossible to be done without the help of the school as a whole.

The team has lost Percival, Chapman, Worthington, Gay, McFarland and "Snedigar" Bates, who is attending Hitchcock. Fortunately, we have fine material to select from to fill these vacancies. Giguere, Woodland High's crack center and all A. A. L. center of last year, is attending school and turning out. He will strengthen our line greatly.

The veterans are Captain "Kaiser," Ed Anthony, Emilio Bruzzone, Will Gale, John Seigfried, Spencer Brush, Dan Bronson, James Greig and Charles Baum, a player on the '04 team. The new material is as follows: D. Bruzzone, M. Parker, G. Davis, E. Graff, a former Lick player, R. Baum, Etter, Macaulay, Wieland, Giguere and Perkins.

Owing to the resignation of Manager Troy, Mr. Will Gale has been elected to fill the vacancy, whom we believe will secure many trips for the team.

Always bear this in mind, that in order to have a championship team the whole school will have to turn out to see the games and encourage the team better than ever before.

AL G.

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Girls' Athletics

Basket Ball.

The Girls' Basket Ball Team have a very prosperous year before them, as things look now, regardless of the fact that very few of last year's team have returned for practice. This pleasant outlook is due to the enthusiasm of the freshmen, who have already shown their school spirit in more ways than one, and if they turn out to practice as many strong as were at the first meeting, without doubt two full teams may be organized. Then, upper class girls, you will have to work or the freshmen will get ahead of you.

Nothing has been entirely settled regarding again entering the league, but more than likely they will not register. I think experience with blanks of all colors for one term was sufficient.

Miss Irene Wood is captain for the coming year and Miss Sylvia Strauss manager. Mr. Leslie Grey of Oakland will undoubtedly be again secured to continue his good work as coach, and all who are able should avail themselves of this opportunity to have his thorough training.

AN ANECDOTE.

The court room was crowded. The Judge frowned sternly as he rapped for order.

"Summon the prisoner," he demanded. As a huge Swede towered before him, a murmur of admiration for the man's strength ran through the court room.

"What is your name?" asked the Judge.

"My name bin Pater Paterson," responded the prisoner.

"How old are you?"

"I bin thirty-seben year old."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, your honor."

"To whom are you married?"

"I bin marry a woman, your honor."

"No contempt of court!" shouted the angry Judge. "Did you ever hear of anybody marrying anything else but a woman?"

"Yes, your honor," responded the prisoner calmly. "My sister she bin marry a man!"



"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

Perhaps many of us have wished for this power of the "giftie," but as this elusive body has not bestowed any such boon, through criticism given in friendly spirit by others, we can in a measure "see oursels as ithers see us." It is in this spirit of friendship toward all we offer our opinions on the journals found on the exchange table.

"Pine Breezes," El Dorado. Your story "The Laugh of Death" is well written and very interesting. We would like to find more of this type in other papers. Your cover is simple and neat.

"El Susurro," Monterey. We think your paper would be improved if you would not insert advertisements in its front pages. Your literary material is very good, and your departments well separated. Could you not have a few more cuts in your next issue?

"The Target," McKinley School, is an interesting paper from a primary school. We hope you will be equally successful when working on the staff of some High School paper. Your cover design is effective. A few more cuts would add to the general character of your paper.

"The Scribe," Oakland Polytechnic. Your exchange column is well written and shows care on the part of its writer. Your paper needs more stories of a more interesting type.

"The Oak," Visalia. Your journal is well arranged and your cover is attractive. You seem to have a very large list of exchanges. Could you not comment on a few more of these?

"The Poppy," Winters High. You state that you fear adverse criticism. You have no grounds for fear. Your paper is neat, bright and interesting, and always a welcome visitor here.

"Blue and White," Sacred Heart College. The story "Buried Alive" is well written. Your paper would lose nothing in attractiveness if you did not put so many advertisements in front.

"The Dragon," Greenfield, Ohio. Your cover is very pretty and artistic. This paper seems to breathe forth class spirit as a senior class annual should. We don't always do as we ought and we are pleased to note, in this respect, you do.

"Normal Wireless," Oregon. Your cover design is very neat and artistic. We are happy to note the evidences of so much school spirit, which your paper suggests you have in large quantities. A few more cuts would not come amiss in your paper.

"Dictum Est," Red Bluff. Your artistic cover lends great attraction to your journal. "Under the Dragon Lantern" is excellent. Your commencement issue is a credit to you.

"The Alert," Turlock High School. Yours is a very readable and interesting High School paper. Your joshes are very good and (something new) the fun in them is plain to others.

"The Artisan," Boston, Mass. Your cover design is very neat and appropriate. Your paper comes to us from a great distance, and is always welcome. Your editorials are a very good feature of your paper.

"The Tiger," San Francisco. Your commencement issue is a credit to your school, and the general style of the paper is commendable.

STEPHANIE SNOW.

Debating

A meeting of the Lyceum Debating Society was held about the middle of August, and plans for the present term were made. It was decided to hold at least two debates before the Christmas holidays, one of them, if possible, to be with Oakland or Berkeley. Accordingly, a challenge has been sent to Oakland High, and an answer is expected daily. The idea of these debates is to get the team in as good condition as possible by the first of the year, when the League debates will commence.

A tryout for the debating team will be held in the near future, and a large number of contestants are expected to enter.

In the latter part of October the semi-annual convention of the Debating Leagues of California will be held at Martinez. The entertainers of this convention will be the Martinez High School girls, hence a royal good time is expected by all the delegates, and the Alameda debaters are looking forward to the convention with great expectancy, as a dance is promised.

The Debating Club sincerely hopes that Alameda High will be able to invite the convention to our school in the near future, for we have a fine hall for holding a dance and meeting.

May the time soon come when Alameda will be able to do its share toward entertaining the delegates of the League, and not be behind the other schools of California in hospitality.



JOSHES

A chapter of the Durham Lodge has been installed in the Alameda High School. The officers are: Past Master, Edwin R. Anthony; Worshipful Master, Cary Troy; Custodian of the Light, Harry Kassebaum. Pledged—John Coyle, Earle Scofield, Alex Baum, Charles Baum, Rudolph Baum, "Minnie" Brush, John Siegfried, Bill Gale, Lynde Berger, Robert Cortylou, "Lurgie" Gelderman, Paul Mackie.

The girls wonder if Charlie realizes how aggravating it is to have his auto stand out in front of school.

No wonder when the "Merry Widows" came in fashion that the boys were all sent out to catch rats!!!

Make a noise like a hoop and roll away.

QUESTIONS.

How much is Miss Ha—worth?
Who knew Irene Wood?
What did Alice Teller?
Who does Marjorie Haight?
When did Hazel Naylor?
Has the team Agard?
Is Fred Green—well?
Who heard Olga Russell?
How does Minnie Crow?
When did Edwin Graff?
What did Minnie Brush?
Who did Charlie Dodge?

We should all like to know what Georgie's object is in walking to Alameda avenue on her way to school every day!

Mr. M.—(in Senior History)—Who was the father of Phillip II?
Miss Connor (from back of room)—Margaret, was it not?

Hard luck, Harry, you can't get the girls to follow your example in dress. "It's not the clothes that make the man, though."

WINNING WYNNE, OR, WHERE HAS MY LIMA BEAN?

Winsome Wynne would not woo,
As the students wished her to.
Though they loved her one and all,
When upon her they did call,
She looked too cold and stood so tall,
As she sang this little ditty
(Annabelle, ain't this a pity):
Boys, boys, boys,
You are toys, toys, toys;
I'll love the one, that one I'll queen,
Who'll tell me "Where's my Lima Bean?"

Great Calamity.

Ned Anthony is in a serious condition at the sanitarium. A girl cut him dead at the boat house.

A Chinaman stood on a railroad track,
His name was Ah Foo Souey;
The choo-choo hit him on the back
And made poor Ah Foo Goocy.

The Acorn

Stuck on Her.

Edna fair and debonair,
With her strands of wavy hair,
And her airy fairy air,
Has poor Fred, frapped finely,
So he loves her most divinely—
As he reads he'll foolish grin,
Thinking of his P. D. pin.

Mr. Westergaard says "that we find that Webster in accord with the spirit of the times"—in fact, some of his biographers think he absorbed too much of the spirit of the time.

Mr. Cogswell (reading notice)—All non-residents report to the office this afternoon. Are there any non-residents here?

W. W.—I live in the West End.

He sipped the nectar from her lips
As 'neath the moon they sat,
And he wondered if ever a man before
Had drunk from a mug like that.

Johnnie stole a penny,
And to the jail was sent,
The jury said not guilty,
So he was in-a-cent.

Bobbie, aged five, saw a cow grazing in his mother's flower garden, and shouted, "Scat, scat!"

The cow didn't seem to be much intimidated, and calmly ate on. Three-year-old Mary, dancing with excitement, exclaimed:

"Tell him to 'scow,' Wobbie, tell him to 'scow'!"

F—ierce lessons
L—ate hours
U—nexpected company
N—othing prepared
K—icked out

Freshman—My sister sings "Il Travator in five sharps.

Junior—Mine sang it in six flats, but they made her move out of every one of them.

For pins may come and pins may go,
But shirts go on forever!

Stung.

Foolish studes, in number seven,
Tried to send some scrubs to heaven ;
Scrubs, we know, are very green,
This fact ourselves we've often seen.
Preserving scrubs and likewise peace
Is not a thing to do with ease ;
Instead of scrubs, we understand,
The student band itself was canned.

Me and M. E.

Spencer B., you'll plainly see,
Is a youth of great celebritee,
And that is why we now decry
Whene'er a certain queen goes by.

He rolls his eyes and soft he sighs,
And gazes at the summer skies ;
He thinks and thinks, and thinks does he,
And all the thinks he thinks of M. E.

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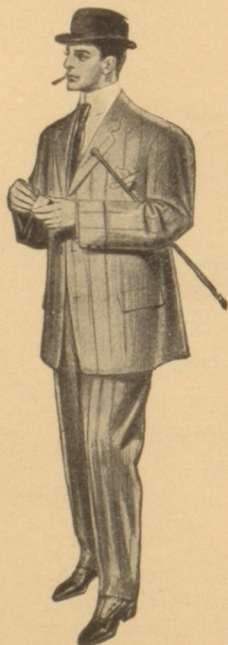
Teacher—Why were you absent yesterday? You know that you can only make up work in case of sickness.

Student—It was a case of sickness. Our mule kicked my mother-in-law and I had to stay home and bind up the mule's foot.

Senior—What is the difference between the breath of a runner who has just finished the mile, and freshman at A. H. S.?

Junior—Give it up.

Senior—The runner's breath comes first in short pants, and the Freshman comes to High School in his first long pants.



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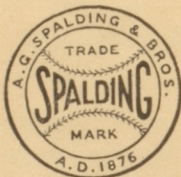
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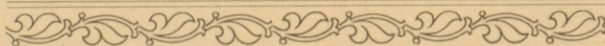
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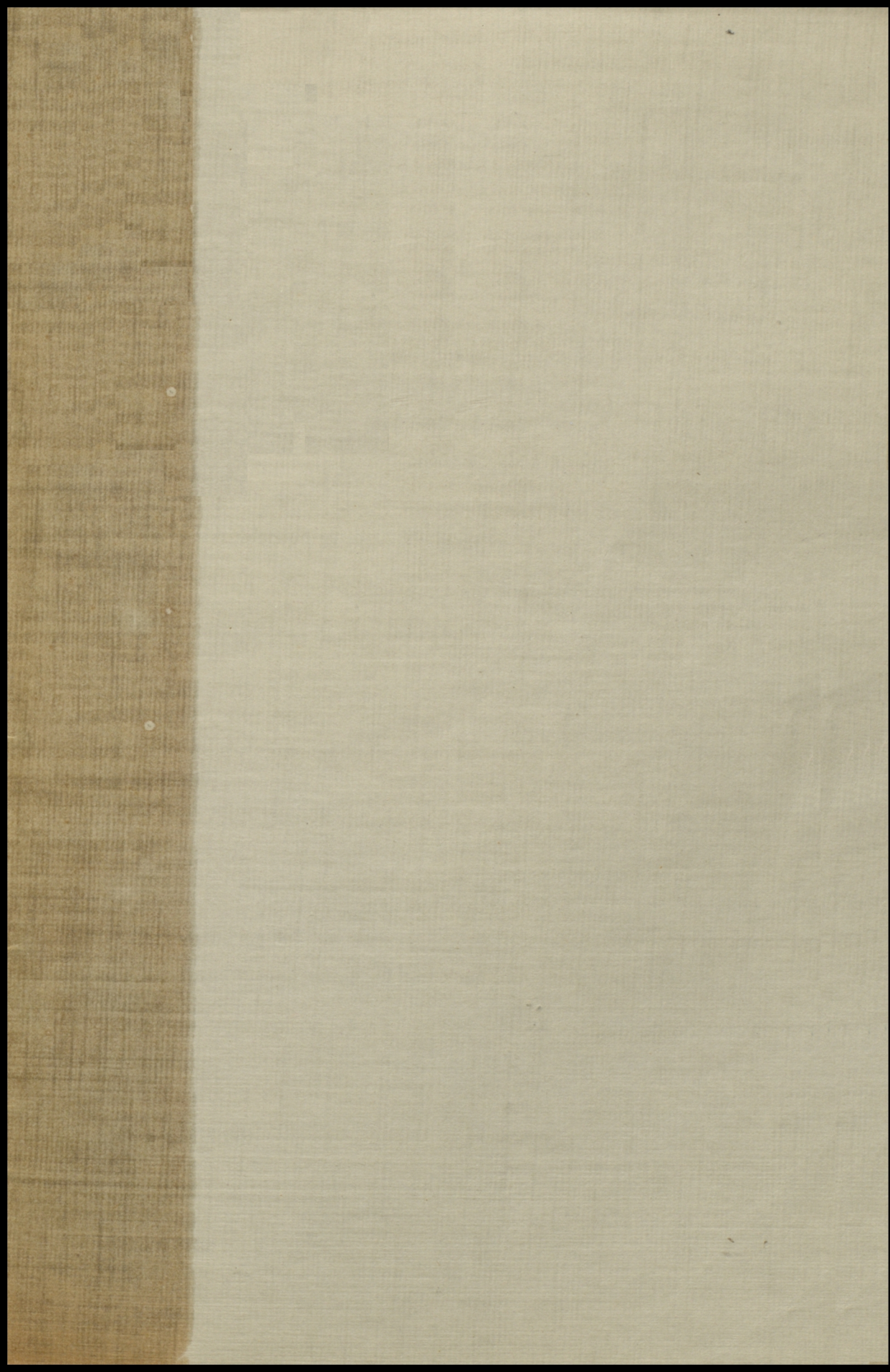
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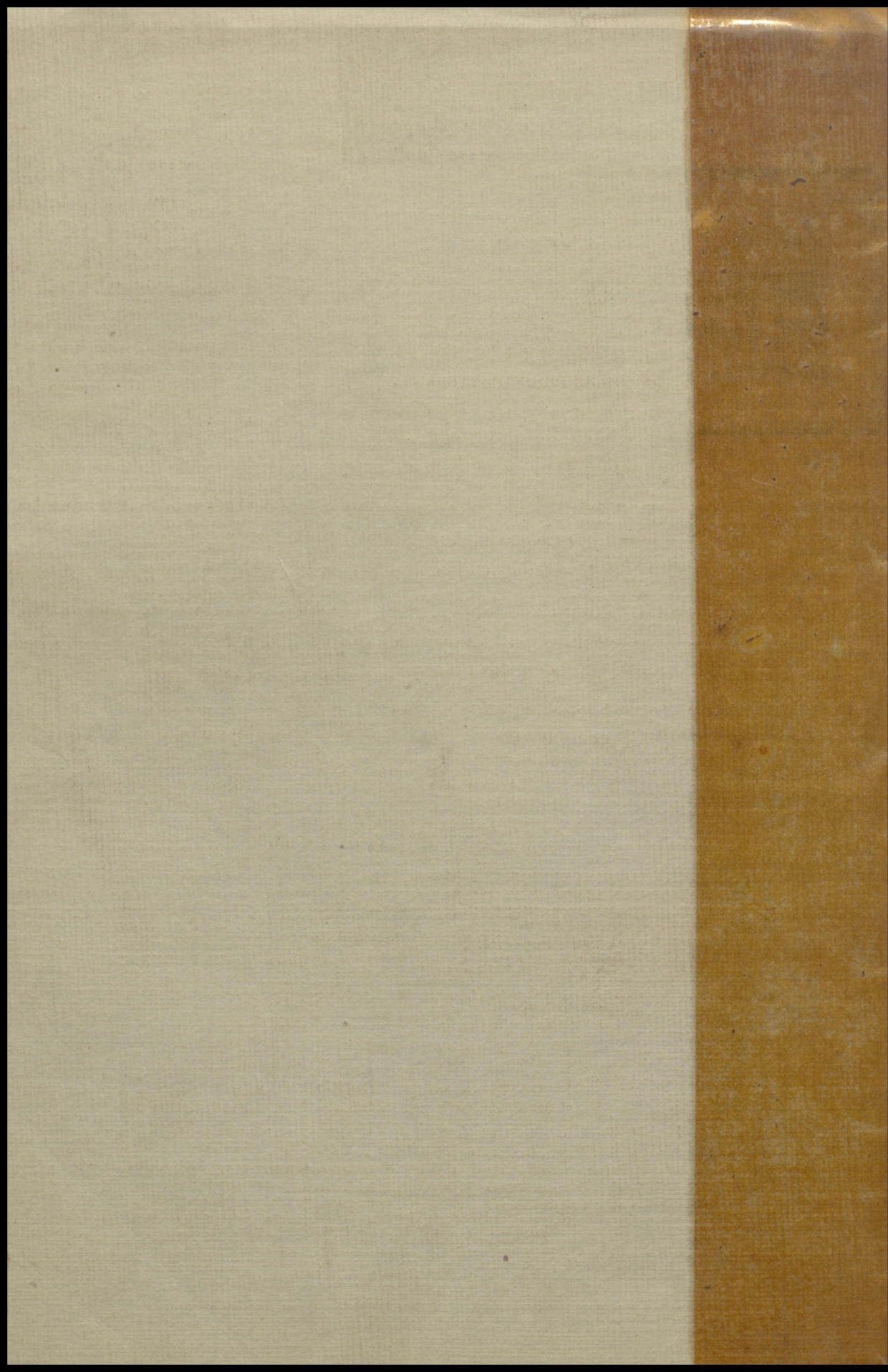
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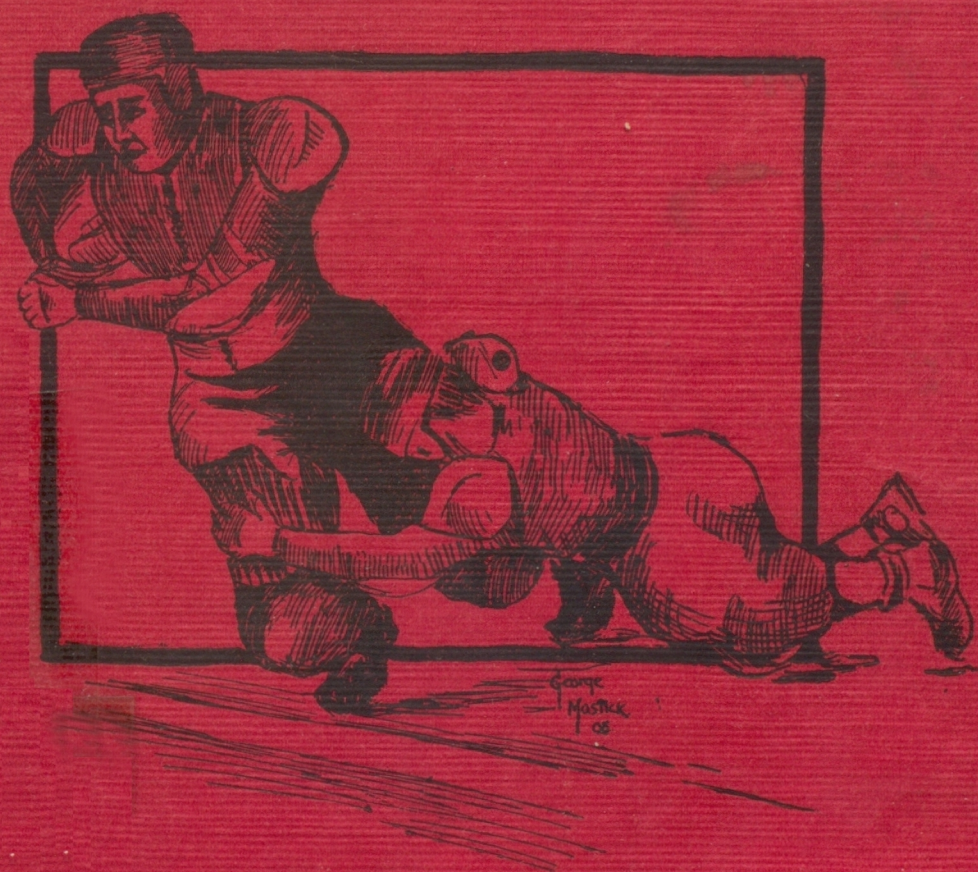
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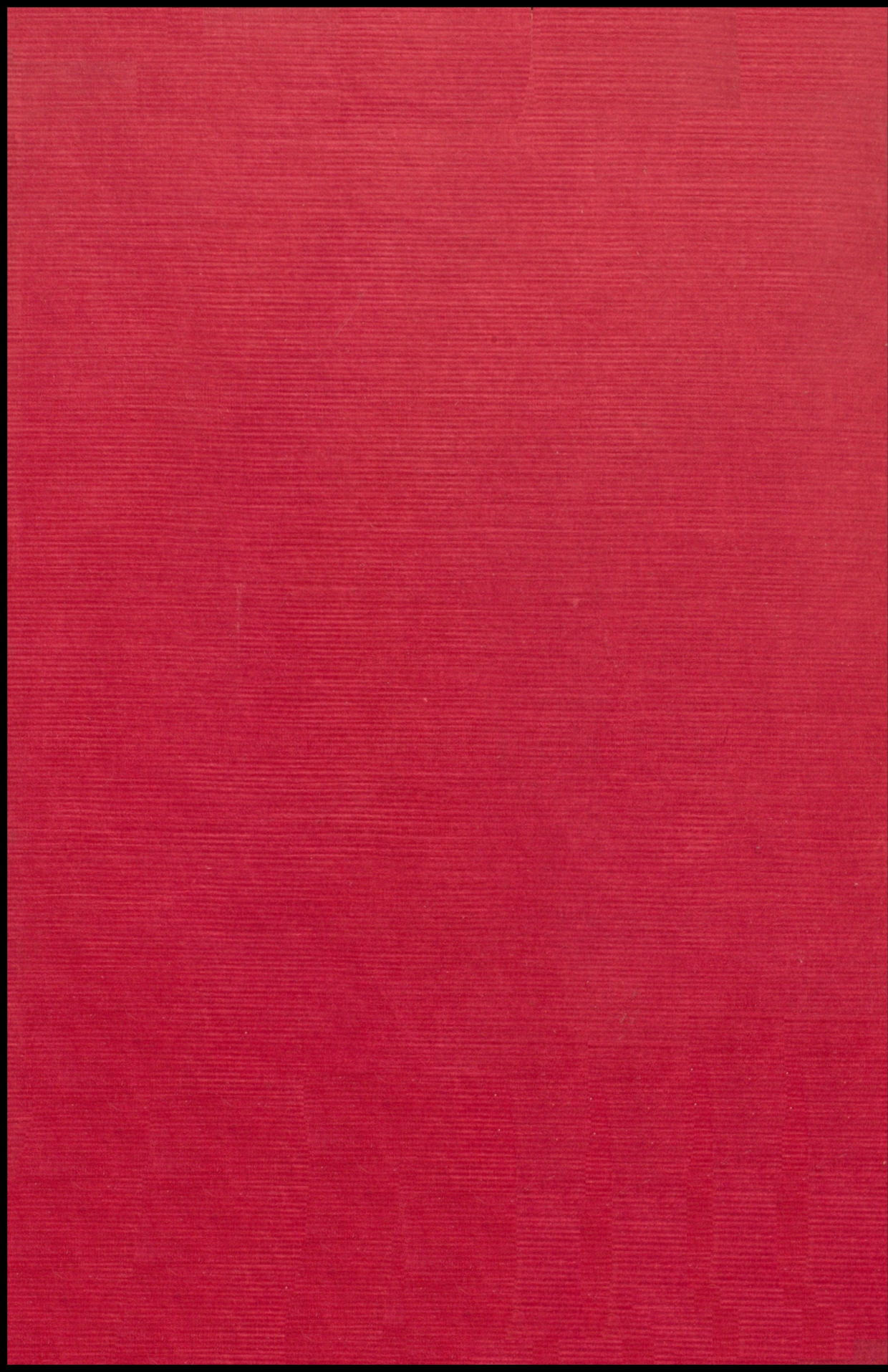
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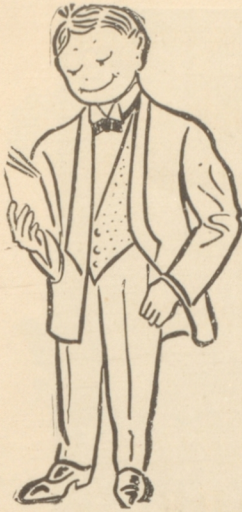
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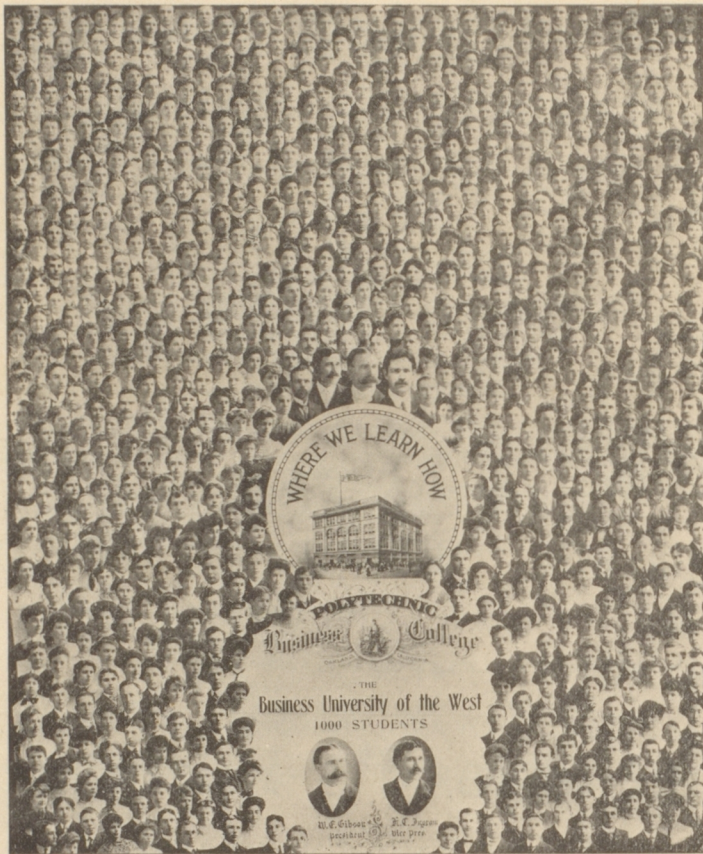
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Peoples Water Co., Oakland.....	Employ 6 graduates in one office
Abrahamson Bros., Dry Goods.....	Employ 8 graduates in one office
Dupont Powder Co., Pinole.....	Employ 8 graduates in one office
University of Cal., Berkeley.....	Employ 7 graduates in one office
First National Bank, Oakland.....	Employ 4 graduates in one bank

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Vol. 15

ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL

No. 2

A Slight Embarrassment

Our modern street car. What memories we have in our minds at the mention of this human van!—memories of incidents, serious and likewise humorous, but all aiding to make up the program of events scheduled to the minute for that certain part of time, a day.

I think that I might say, I've had about as many queer happenings while riding on the cars of the United Railroads in San Francisco as the average passenger can expect to have; and I believe that I would do almost anything rather than go through them again.

I was recounting a few the other night to a gay little gathering, and in my enthusiasm was getting somewhat conceited over the number of times in which I played the hero, when Rudolph Baum flip-pantly remarked that my experiences didn't begin to compare with his, and that not till I had gone through an embarrassment similar to the one he suffered last August on a Third-street car, could I afford to talk. Of course, this was the signal for a challenge from myself, and the others, and the amiable Rudy rose at once to the occasion like a man who had a title to defend.

Baum is a good-natured fellow, a general favorite with the boys, and has the happiness of being the son of a well-to-do family; his parents dote on him, and as for his two sisters—well, they just think he is the grandest brother that ever lived. Be that as it may, we won't dispute the girls, but will only consider the fact that this relation of theirs had been granted a two weeks' vacation by his employer, and that he had fully determined to get the best he possibly could out of it.

The Acorn

Taking, as he supposed, sufficient money for a fortnight stay at the beach, he went to Santa Cruz, paid for his room and board in advance, and then proceeded, as he expressed it himself, "to do the town." Instead, this little seaside resort, with its innumerable attractions, and swarms of fleeing gentry, soon did him, and, at the end of six days, this unfortunate young fellow found himself with but 20 cents in his pocket, and with unpleasant thoughts of having to keep away from the whirl of pleasure for the balance of the time.

A fine predicament was this, for dressy Rudolph Baum, the pride of his parents, and the admiration of his sisters. Of course he could have telegraphed home for money, but, you know, 20 cents won't buy a telegram. So the only thing left for him to do was to go home, and to do that as soon as possible. Luckily he had a return trip ticket, and was saved the fatigue and annoyance of walking.

Once settled in the comfortable plush seat of the chair car, he forgot his troubles, and breathed a little more easily, but this good feeling did not return alone, for they were closely attended by his old-time recklessness, and relieved himself of fifteen of the twenty cents, and then put away the remaining five cents for car fare, which he would need when he arrived in the city.

The run from Santa Cruz to San Francisco is a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, consequently Rudolph had plenty of time during his visits to the smoker and his lounging in the chair car to get up a little story for the folks at home. In fact, he was just rehearsing it for the last time when the rumbling noise of the train brought him to his senses, as it puffed and thundered into the terminal at Third and Townsend. Grabbing his suit case he alighted, and leisurely worked his way through the crowded sheds until he emerged on the sidewalk in front of the depot. There he found that his car had already started, so he sprinted for it, and after a half a block's chase, caught up to it.

As usual, it was packed with passengers from the incoming train. With some difficulty Rudolph had appropriated the only square inch left on the footboard and was squirming about in an effort to get a little more room, when, raising his head, he looked directly into the face of Miss Nason, a very dear young lady acquaintance of his, who was sitting on the platform seat wedged in between a stout gentleman and a little girl. He had just about finished telling the young lady how fine she looked, when suddenly he remembered his solitary nickel, which lay at rest in his vest pocket. Then of a sudden his cheeks burned red, and burned there in two bright red spots. Then it fled and left him deadly pale. To add to the horror of the situation, the conductor was approaching, calling out in deafening tones, "Fares, please, fares, please." Oh! the agony of Baum! What was he to do? His first thought was to jump off the car without a word, run for dear life, and never speak to the young lady again. But, no—he wouldn't do that, he couldn't afford to thus cruelly sever their ties of friendship in this manner.

Still he must act quickly, for that conductor, like the steady workings of Fate, was slowly edging up to him. The persistent cry of

"Fares, please," quickened our friend's thoughts, for he had determined to hand his watch over for two fares, and mentally take the conductor's number, when a brilliant idea came to his mind. "Have you paid your fare, Miss Nason?" he asked in a quick and business-like manner.

"Oh! yes, thank you, Mr. Baum," she answered sweetly, looking down at him with a lovely smile.

What a relief! He felt like tossing his hat into the air and yelling for sheer joy, as he parted with his nickel. But he didn't. Instead, more luck. The stout old man, sitting near his beloved, got off at the next street corner, and happy Rudolph, now in his happiest mood, lost no time in making use of the seat.

A few moments later, as the electric car sped on its way to Market street, he turned to the conductor with the dignity of a millionaire, and touching him gently, said, "Two transfers, please."

CHARLES BAUM.



The Unsuspected Honeymoon of the Crayfish

At last the morning for the nuptials arrived. What a beautiful morning it was, too. The tide was exceedingly low and the sun was bright and warm. This was a great day for the Crayfish, for all the Crayfish, both young and old, were invited to attend the wedding of the most noted female of their class.

The place selected for the wedding was a sunny sand bank in a secluded nook of the bay.

As the sun grew warmer there could be seen every now and then an old sturdy looking Crayfish emerging from the water and taking his place on the sand bank. One by one they gradually came out of the water. As they came up on the bank each one took his place next to the other, so that they formed a ring, with an entrance at one end.

At either side of the entrance stood two guards. They were the largest Crayfish of this vicinity. Their long Antennae or feelers were pointed straight out, and their popping eyes were ever on the alert.

At last the signal was given. The bride and groom with their attendants had arrived. At this every one became silent and looked on with keen interest.

As the bride with her valiant old father emerged out of the water one of the guards at the entrance accompanied her to the center of the ring.

The Acorn

Closely following the bride came the groom with his attendants, and as he reached the ring, he, too, was led to the center.

Then the ceremony started. The grave old father, with tears in his eyes, took one of his daughter's pinchers and placed it in her lover's. After this he laid one Antennae on his daughter's head and the other on her lover. By this means, he pronounced them man and wife, and gave them a father's blessing.*

To show he appreciated his new son he invited him to dine at his burrow after all was over.

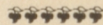
In the meanwhile the tide was coming in very fast. At last after greetings were extended to the bride and groom the party started for the burrow.

After this entertainment they were to go out into the world and shift for themselves. The groom promised the father he would care and make everything pleasant for his little daughter. The father then wished him luck.

As they started off in search of a new home, they were suddenly lifted off their feet, and though they were frightened and dismayed, the groom held tight to the bride.

But in spite of the unsuspected honeymoon, the groom remained true to his promise to the father, and Mr. and Mrs. Crayfish are living in a glass house in the Laboratory of the Alameda High School.

D. H., '11.



A Tale of the Old Forest

Oh, thou forest primeval!—'tis sung,
This tale, of days when thou wert young.

It was autumn, and day was fast giving place to twilight. Wiwona, daughter of the great chieftain, Saskewan, walked softly over the trail to the spring. She was the most beautiful of the village and suitors had come from far and wide, but had returned as they came, for she had been given the right to refuse, and they had not touched her heart.

She reached the spring, filled her bowl, and then turned to go. Suddenly out of the forest shade stalked a tall form, and a deep, musical voice spoke her name, "Wiwona."

Quickly, silently, she turned and confronted him. Far off, from the depths of the forest, came the clear call of the moose, and as an echo came the answering cry of his mate.

"Nowassi, I have been true," she whispered. "But my father—he will not allow it. What shall we do?"

"Tonight, fair one, we will go. Listen, beyond the mighty falls to the northward is a tribe, among whose chieftains my name stands first. When Saskenan, learning of our love, bade me go, I went to them, and now have come for you. Tonight the Yolutoes hold their hunting dance. Meet me here when the moon is directly overhead. Farewell till then."

He was gone as a shadow passes with the sun, and she slowly returned to the village.

At midnight the dance was at its height. Faster and faster, around the glowing fire twined the shining bodies of the medicine men. Wiwona was excited. The color came and went in her dusky cheek, and her eyes rivaled the sparkling stars above. Proudly the old father watched her as she rose from her place among the other women, and sought her teepee for the night. Well that he could not see her within it, as she softly raised the back flap and stole quickly toward the forest opening. There Nowassi was waiting, and without further delay they faced the Great Bear and began their journey.

Early in the morning Saskewan called softly, then louder, before Wiwona's teepee. He had had a dream, and in it his daughter had been snatched from his very arms by a huge bird, which bore the face of his childhood playmate, Nowassi.

At length he raised the flap. The teepee was empty. She was gone. His cry aroused the whole village. Soon every one knew that their chieftain's daughter had been stolen.

"We will go after them," they cried. Then one of their number stepped forward.

"I saw a man bearing the mark of the tribe beyond the great falls. He looked greatly like Nowassi. Let our warriors go to the north in search of her."

A murmur of approval swept through the crowd, and by day-break a party of fifty chosen warriors were well on the trail of the lovers.

For two days they held the northward trail, gaining on the fugitives hour by hour.

On the third day, late in the afternoon, they reached the bank of the river a short distance above the falls. There they found his canoe, which he had left there awaiting his return.

They pushed off from the shore, headed across the river to safety. Once beyond the river, into the deep forest, among his friends, they might bid defiance to the pursuers.

Wiwona was tired, but she took one paddle, and swiftly the little canoe shot through the waves.

Suddenly a wild shout came from the bank, and they saw the pursuing party gathered there. In a second they had launched their three canoes and were off in hot pursuit.

Nearer and nearer they came. At last Wiwona dropped her paddle and turned to Nowassi, with a look of despair. With a strong

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push of the paddle he turned the frail boat into the swift current racing toward the falls.

"We cannot make the forest in safety. Let us seek the happy hunting ground together."

He rose, stretched out his arms to the denied safety of the distant forest. Then he sent a defiant shout to the ever-nearing boats.

The roar of the falls was in their ears. Wiwona stood up and clasped in each other's arms they disappeared over the roaring torrent, and the sun's last beam rested on the spot where they were seen last.

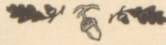
E. F. M.



THE ACORN

ALAMEDA HIGH

SEPTEMBER, 1908



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Girls' AthleticsEthel Murray

Boys' AthleticsAlfred Gelderman

Alumni Notes—(U. C.).....Roberta Haslett

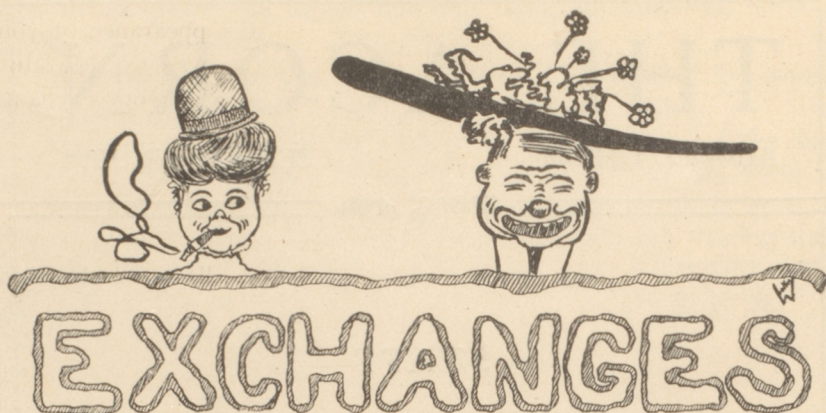
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Business ManagerKenneth Rogers

*Entered as second class matter at the post office
at Alameda, California*



"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Solemn truth is conveyed by these few lines of Longfellow. It is not easy to distinguish one's self with eclat. And having attained any greatness is it simple to maintain that high standard. Some of these publications laid on our table need now to fight to hold to the excellence they have gained, while others—alas!—must certainly be on a par with the "companions" referred to by the great poet. They comfortably sleep, and while they are thus indulging, others forge ahead. Well, we all try not to be classed with the latter, and by the frank opinions given and received in Exchange columns we are benefited by just criticism and may strive with courage born anew to those "heights" coveted by all. We are sorry to say we may not offer as many criticisms this time as usual, as some of our most relied-upon exchanges have not as yet put in an appearance.

Olla Podrida, Berkeley High. Your story, "Quo adimus," is very good, but it lacks force. With such excellent material, the story might excel if some real, bracing action were worked in. Your cover is very neat in appearance and your Josh Department merits much praise.

El Gabilan, Salinas Cal. Your cover is very artistic in its style. We were much pleased, too, by the story, "The Legend of the Big Trees," as well as your opening poem, "The Storm." Your paper ranks high among those received and you will always be welcomed as an exchange.

The Acorn

The High School World, Topeka, Kansas. Where are your stories? And why not more cuts? The general appearance of your issue dated October second would be greatly improved by separating the advertisements from your various articles. Nor is your exchange column benefited by the insertion of jokes in its midst.

The Wilmerding Life, San Francisco, Cal. Your departments are well arranged and well written. "The Vengeance of Paul Armstrong" is excellent, the material being well handled and the story forceful.

The Aegis, Oakland High. Your cover design of the issue on hand (no date is to be found) is by far the best we have seen for a long time. Your joshes are very good and the same may be said of your cuts. Why not have some more stories?

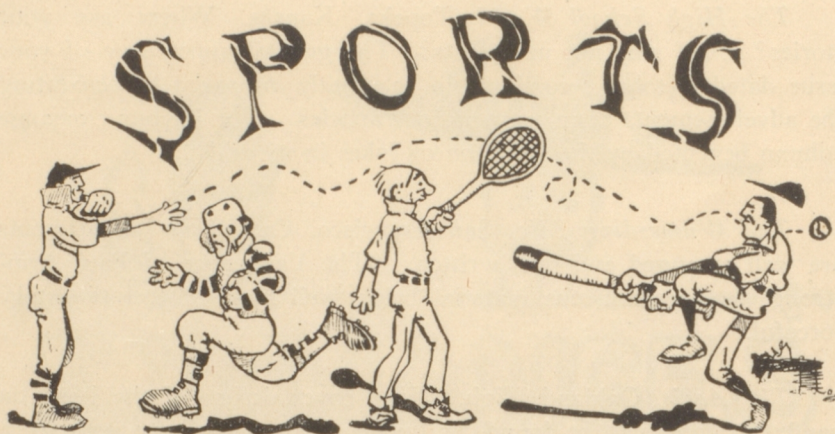
The Blue and White, Sacred Heart College, S. F., Cal. Why not have a few jokes in your publication? "The Curse of a Name" is a very readable story, as is "His Sister," both deserving commendation.

The Sphinx, Miss Townsend's School, Newark, N. J. Why not use your feminine skill and have some more cuts in your next number? We are sure they would be appreciated. "We're All Ashore" is a fine story, and the subject is very well treated. Why not have some more of its type?

The Tiger, S. F. "A Tragic End to a Good Beginning" is a very pleasing story in your September issue. So also is "Jim Nevins" worthy of praise, as it is truly dramatic and stirring. Your joshes are very good and you certainly ought to regard Mr. Randall as a credit to your staff—his cartoons and drawings are excellent.

The Normal Wireless, State Normal, Oregon. Why don't you comment on those exchanges which you announce are on your table? Your joshes are very good. We are disappointed to find no stories in your October issue. Your cover is neat and conservative in color.

The Orange and Purple, Danville, Penn. Your stories are excellent and are certainly among the best of those received here. "The Way of the Witches" is especially good. "A Gift of the Storm God" is exceptionally well written. Your joshes also are appreciable. They are not so local as to prevent their humor being noted by all.



Football

We started the season off very well and went into the game with the right idea, namely, that if the cup was going to rest in Alameda at the end of the season we would have to practice faithfully and hard, and I think that the results of the games played will prove this.

Alameda vs. Wilmerding.

This was the first game, and it was agreed upon between the two captains that there was to be no decision. The boys showed up very well considering that this was the first game.

Sept. 26—Alameda vs. Lowell.

10-5

The improvement in team work and all around playing over that of the previous game was very easy to be seen. Graff played a star game for Alameda, his line bucking being the feature.

Oct. 1—Alameda vs. Oakland Polytechnic.

23-0

In the third practice game of the season we came out with the long end of a 23-0 score against Oakland Poly. In this game Bronson, one of our men who was making an awful strong bid for a position on our line, had several of the bones in his right foot broken, and this injury may incapacitate him for the rest of the season.

Oct. 3—Alameda vs. Tamalpais.

39-0

We journeyed to San Rafael and played Tamalpais off their feet. It was nothing but Alameda from the first whistle to the last. We were now in our stride and playing great football. Brush played a star game that day, just as he always does.

LEAGUE GAMES.

Oct. 14—Alameda vs. California College.

67-0

We just ran away from our opponents in the first league game. It could hardly be called a game; it was more of a slaughter, with Alameda doing the slaughtering. Then, too, it was raining, and everybody was slipping and sliding all over the field.

Alameda vs. Oakland Polytechnic.

We were to meet Oakland Polytechnic for the second time, making our second league game, but from all appearances they had enough of us in the first game. So we won our second game by default.

Oct. 24—Alameda vs. Fruitvale.

23-6

One more game to go down in history as an Alameda victory. We came, we saw, we conquered, and we didn't leave any doubt about it either. We decisively beat them at their own game. Fruitvale had the report spread around that they would beat Alameda by about 15 or 20 points, but they figured wrong. They had Alameda on the wrong end of the score. This was the fastest and hardest game of football seen about the bay this year.

Oct. 31—Alameda vs. Oakland.

38-0

We have at last shown our heels to Oakland. Although this is the first time in eight years Oakland has lost to Alameda, we feel sure from the size of the score that we have made up for all the defeats we have suffered at the hands of Oakland.

Alameda has certainly been aroused in some way to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and spirit. We had great crowds to all of our games this year, especially the last two games, and that support which we are now receiving from the school is certainly partly responsible for the great showing the team has made. I want to use this ACORN as a means of thanking the school as a whole, on behalf of the football team, for the fine support which has been tendered to us during the whole season.

Our chances are just at present very bright for winning the league championship. We did not have to play Santa Rosa in the semi-finals, as they defaulted to us. This puts Alameda in the finals. The only game left to be played for the championship is that between the winner of the Lick-St. Matthews game and Alameda. And most likely by the time this paper goes to press the cup will be resting in the Alameda High School for the period of one year at least.

The Acorn

The lineup for the team in most of the games has been:

Center	E. Anthony
Left guard.....	E. Bruzzone
Right guard.....	M. Parker
Left Tackle.....	J. Siegfried
Right Tackle.....	R. Baum
Left end.....	D. Bruzzone
Right end.....	A. Geldermann
Quarter	S. Brush
Left half.....	C. Baum
Fullback	E. Graff
Right half.....	C. Kiser (captain)
Substitutes—Porter, Etter, Bates and Medcraft.	

Just a word about the playing of the different members of the team:

Charles Kiser, our right halfback and captain, is playing better than ever this year, and that is certainly going some. He makes an excellent captain, and is always right there to lead the boys on. He bids fair to be picked as one of the backs on the All-Academic team this year, just as he was last year.

Graff, although a new man at school, is known by every one already. He fills in the fullback position and fills it in very well. He is the biggest man on the team and has often been called "a big elephant" because when he hits a line on a buck there is just as much chance of stopping him as there is of stopping a big elephant.

Charles Baum at left, although smaller than Kiser and Graff in size, makes up for it in speed, as time after time he will be seen to run the end for a big gain. He is one of the grittiest players on the team.

At quarter we have "Mini" Brush, and he is the kingpin of the whole team. Without "Mini" I don't know what we'd do. He is one of the best quarterbacks ever developed in any prep school about the bay.

On the ends we have D. Bruzzone and Geldermann, and they are both taking care that no one "gets by." The forward pass is also being pulled off quite regularly this term, and it is working fine.

Siegfried and R. Baum are filling in the tackles in great style. They are both players of experience and have no trouble whatever in disposing of their opponents.

Parker and E. Bruzzone are two aggressive players at guard, and we have no fear of our line being weak there. They hold the line fine when we are kicking, and break through and block the kicks in nice shape when the other side is kicking.

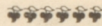
Anthony is back again at center and is putting up a better game than he did last year. So far we have failed to see a center that he has been up against that he couldn't handle, and he has been up against some big men.

The substitutes all deserve great credit for the work they have been doing while in the game this year, and with the experience they gain they will be valuable to the team next year.

We have scored exactly 200 points so far this season and have only 11 points scored against us. I guess that's going some.

Last but not least comes our coach, "Pete" Smith. We furnished the weight and speed and he furnished the plays, signals and knowledge of the game and taught us how to use them. If we win the league championship this year, as we no doubt will, or if we lose it, great credit is due to "Pete" Smith for his faithful and consistent work with us. We were lucky to get him, as he is about the best football coach for high schools about the bay.

AL. G.



Track

The track team made a good showing this term in the big meets, Alameda taking sixth place in the A. A. L., in which fifteen of the best schools of the State were entered.

In the 440 our little Ed showed that he still has the mettle in him and had Meyer accepted his challenge for the P. A. A., Macaulay would have won by several yards.

Captain Thorp has improved since last term. He captured second place in the mile in both meets, and his improved condition will make him a likely contestant for the mile and half mile in the spring term. Meyer and Bronson with a little more training should also be point winners for the "white and gold."

Another valuable addition is Fred Thompson, who showed up well in the interclass meet by scoring the largest number of points. Shattuck, who has shown himself better fitted for the half, will run this event instead of the mile.

O. Cummins, the speedy 100 and 220 yard man, will be with us after Christmas, and with the new material we expect to develop next term there will be a team worthy of great honors.

*A remarkably clever lot of original styles distinguish the
autumn lines of CARROLL NECKWEAR
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Cennis

During the term the courts have been in constant use by the enthusiasts, and a number of interesting match games have resulted. Many of the teachers have been playing, and the whole school is looking forward to a senior-faculty match during senior week.

The tournament held about the middle of the term showed Bob Sherrard to be a school champion, with Angelo a close second. The match between these two was the most exciting of the contest, all three sets being deuce sets, the final one going to 8-10, where Sherrard won out. Our last year's champion, Brush, was unable to compete, owing to the football schedule, and it was a disappointment to the fans that "Suzar" could not play Sherrard. B. S., '09.



Debating

On Friday evening, November 20th, Alameda will hold a debate with Oakland High School, and a close, exciting contest is expected. The question to be argued is, "Resolved, That the commission plan of municipal government, as adopted by the city of Des Moines in June, 1907, is the best plan yet adopted by any city of the United States." The Alameda team, composed of Frederick Thompson, Alvin Maze and Ernest Brown, will uphold the negative side of the question, and Henry Oliphant, Osborne Wilson and Kanyi Kamami will uphold the affirmative for Oakland. The debate will be held at Chabot Observatory Hall, Oakland, and District Attorney James H. Donahue, Rev. Wilsie M. Martin and Judge Henry A. Melvin will act as judges. William B. Kollmyer of Alameda will be the presiding officer. Whatever the result of the debate, at the date of this writing the Alameda team was working hard and earnestly, and entertained high hopes of carrying off the honors of the night.

A challenge from Santa Rosa High School for a debate has been received, and will in all probability be accepted, the debate to be held about the first of next year.

Just a word about the Debating Society for the uninformed. Its object is to promote the interests of forensics in the Alameda High School by holding debates with other schools. Any member of the Associated Students may become a member of the Debating Society. Freshmen in particular are invited to join.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Girls' Tennis Club

Girls' tennis is progressing, though in a quiet way. A tournament in the near future is being planned to make the school realize the interest and number of those who are enthusiastic over this form of outdoor exercise.

In a recent contest between the faculty and the girls, the former came off with the laurels of victory. The girls have every hope of reversing this score, despite the fact that the tennis enthusiasts of the faculty prophesy in a different vein.

Good luck to you, girls!



Girls' Basket Ball

So much interest is being taken in boys' athletics, principally football, that basket-ball has waned for the time. The girls were unable to get a coach, and the team is almost entirely of new material, so the outlook has been rather discouraging. However, a few games will be played before the holidays. Berkeley, our old rival, has asked for a game, and it will be played soon on the home court. A game with the Lick team on their court is also being considered. This game will be in the nature of a return for the one played on the home court last term. This game will be one long desired by the local team, both because of the spirit and the material in the team from the city.

Keep up practice, girls, and show the other schools that Alameda High can play ball, whether basket-ball or football.



ALPHA SIGMA

On the evening of September 26, the Alpha Sigma sorority had an initiation at the residence of Florence Plummer and took in three girls, Anna Dodge, Helen Sargent and Marie Tyson. The initiation was followed by a vaudeville show, which some of the talented girls in this sorority had planned. Many older members were present to help make the initiation a thorough success.

DELTA SIGMA THETA

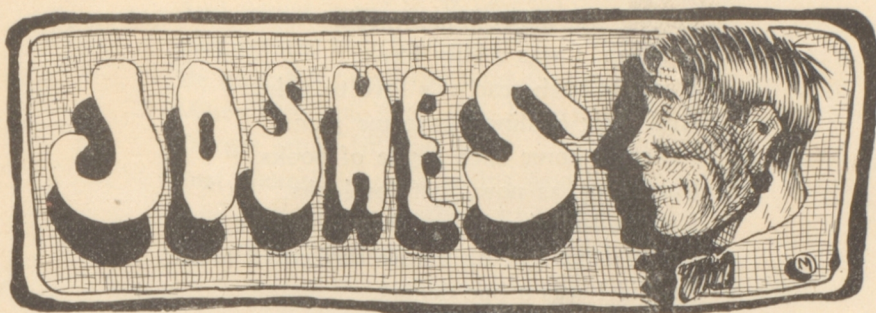
Delta of Delta Sigma Theta gave a luncheon for their sister chapters on November 7, 1908, at the Key Route Inn. The sister chapters declared that the day was a most pleasant one, and the Delta chapter proved herself a most excellent hostess.

OMEGA NU

The Omega Nu sorority held an initiation at the home of Alice Davis on October thirteenth, when Florence Copeland, Edna Eastman, Margaret Dennison, Eugenia Vaughan and Lavinia Robinson were admitted to membership. In honor of the new members a luncheon and matinee party was given on the following day.

FRESHMEN RECEPTION

Good for the Freshies. Never before in the history of the High School has there been such a talented class. "Thirty-four years have we waited for you." Your entertainment was fine, girls, and we older girls are proud of you.



POPULAR SONGS.

"Just Some One".....	Cary Troy
"Sargeant-at-Arms"	Heath Angelo
"My Marianne".....	Earl Scofield
"Experience"	Alfred Geldermann
"Heinie! Oh, Heinie!".....	Ione Connor
"Since You Called Me Dearie".....	Georgie Meredith
"I Want What I Want When I Want It".....	Genevieve Pattiani
"Making Eyes.....	Ada Nason
"My Bunnie".....	Margaret Kenny
"Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown".....	Edna Hickok
"Love Me, Love My Dog".....	Pauline Smith
"Keep on Smiling".....	Spencer Brush
"My Pretty Mountain Queen".....	Ed. Seagrave
"Best I Get Is Much Obligated to You".....	Ned Anthony
"I Want a Gibson Man".....	Reita Burke
"Capt. Willie Brown".....	Freshman Girls
"I Love You All the Time".....	Harry Kassebaum
"Dear Lorraine".....	Bobby Cortelyou
"Why Don't You Spend Something Else Besides the Evening"...	Any Girl

WHO EVER SAW

Wynne Meredith when she wasn't talking?
 Lorraine Jordan when she wasn't queening?
 Bob Cortelyou walking without a queen?
 Genevieve Pattiani make faces?
 Helene Powell misbehaving?
 Four ones on a card?

MYSTERY.

Why is it Janet's front porch is so very popular?
 Why is it that Ada gets "comps" to the games?

The Acorn

Once I was a Freshman meek,
And, oh, I was a silly freak.
I sought each teacher's love to gain,
And their chidings gave me pain.
I carried home such a pile of books,
But never, as now, just for looks.
I studied all day till my head did ache,
And I often got up before day could break.
And if I was a one denied,
Ah, foolish child! I cried and cried.

And next I was a Sophomore,
Carrying books yet, by the score.
But fewer tears I now did shed,
And sometimes now I went to bed,
With little thought of getting up
To get more perfect some awful stuff.
Once in a while a teacher stern,
For whose love I no longer did yearn,
Would sadly (?) keep me after class,
For, naughty me! a note I'd pass.

And next a Junior I became,
Everywhere I was known to fame.
Often the room was sore disturbed,
And my classmates were perturbed.
I stood on the stairs with cup well handed,
Far down the stairs its contents landed.
Up came a teacher, angry, drenching,
Ha! Ha! I almost got a "squelching."
I ran through the hall with rush so grand,
Books right and left, left the students' hand.

Years of toil made me a Senior,
But all this toil hadn't made me leaner.
In fact, I had grown sassy with years,
And had for my lessons very few fears.
Did I carry home books? Well, I guess not,
I trusted to luck. Years had taught me a lot.
I cultivated a learned air,
It gave impression of knowledge to spare.
It didn't pay to waste time on books,
Dear classmates, when you can pass by looks.

The Acorn

And now a word to Freshmen small:
Just reverse my chronicle;
Be monarch of all that you survey,
When first you enter, do, I pray.
Do not study till you must,
Just enough so your brains won't rust;
And lastly, your teachers love and obey,
Except when they say, "Work, not play."

E. F. M.

A chapter of the Woman Haters' Club has recently been installed in the Alameda High. This chapter is a branch of one of the most prominent organizations in the country. The membership includes many men prominent in high school affairs. The officers are:

President.....	Cicero Augustus Deacon Troy
Vice-President.....	Hummer Spicy Spence
Secretary.....	P. C. McFarland Brush
Sargeant-at-Arms.....	Pretty Cholly Baum
Custodian of the Hair Pins.....	German Pretzel Geldermann
Commissary Department.....	Sandwich Hungry Dan Medcraft
Janitor.....	Merry Widow Parker

Miss Vollmar—"No one must ask to leave the room today."

Miss Naylor—"May we leave without asking?"

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The Acorn

We wandered o'er the garden,
We wandered o'er the land,
The moon was shining brightly,
I held her little—shawl.

Yes, I held her little shawl,
Oh, how the evening flies,
The stars shone down upon us,
I gazed into her—lunch basket.

Yes, I gazed into her lunch basket,
And wished I had a taste,
She came a little closer,
With my arm around her—umbrella.

Yes, with my arm around her umbrella,
She was such a pretty miss,
I stole a little nearer
And slyly stole a—sandwich.

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The S. P. has offered special rates to Queeners, whose "friends" live at a great distance. Regular patrons will get a fourth off.

Freshmen, get wise!

F. GREENWELL, Agent.



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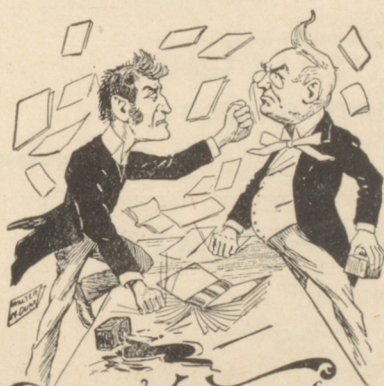
Monday

Advanced Class

Tuesday

Hours from 3:30 to 5:30

There was a boy named Cary Troy,
Who was the teachers' pride and joy;
When up in English class he'd rise,
And preach a sermon to the skies,
It was, indeed, one grand big bluff,
But the teachers thought he was the stuff.



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We notice that "Shorty" Davis is all the class this term on the clothes line. It's pretty nice to be in close relation with a (Taylor).

She—"You dance the two-step divinely. Who taught you?"

He—"My two step-sisters."

—Ex.

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In the chemistry class, when they were trying a "freezing" experiment, Mr. Minium got excited and was heard to say that the whole thing was a frost.

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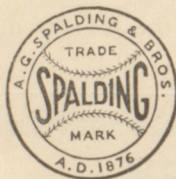
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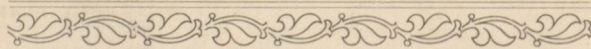
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C—"What have they got the vat full of frogs at the brewery for?"

S—"Don't you know that they get the hops for the beer from them?"

He—"Would you marry a girl if she were as pretty as a picture?"

Bright Boy—"Yes, if she had a good frame."

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